

THE
SENIOR
CLASS
BOOK



1911



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Around the Year With Our Class



CLASS OF 1911

Published by the
Senior Class of the State Normal School
at Farmville, Virginia

To "Miss Jennie"

To the one who has taught by example each day,
How to smile as we cheerfully go on our way;
To one who has had that wearisome duty
To record our defects on the face of "Black Beauty;"
To the one who has patient contentedness taught,
To the one who has given these riches unsought—
To show how we value each tone and each look,
We give her our love and this Senior Class Book.





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“Our Senior Man”

Here's to the man of wisdom,
Here's to the Seniors' choice,
Here's to the man who tells us jokes
In a hearty, jovial voice!

Here's to the man in the faculty,
Who helps us all he can,
The man who keeps our spirits high—
Our witty “Senior Man!”



Senior Class

MOTTO: How good to live and learn!

COLORS: Lavender and Green

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!
Seniors! Seniors!

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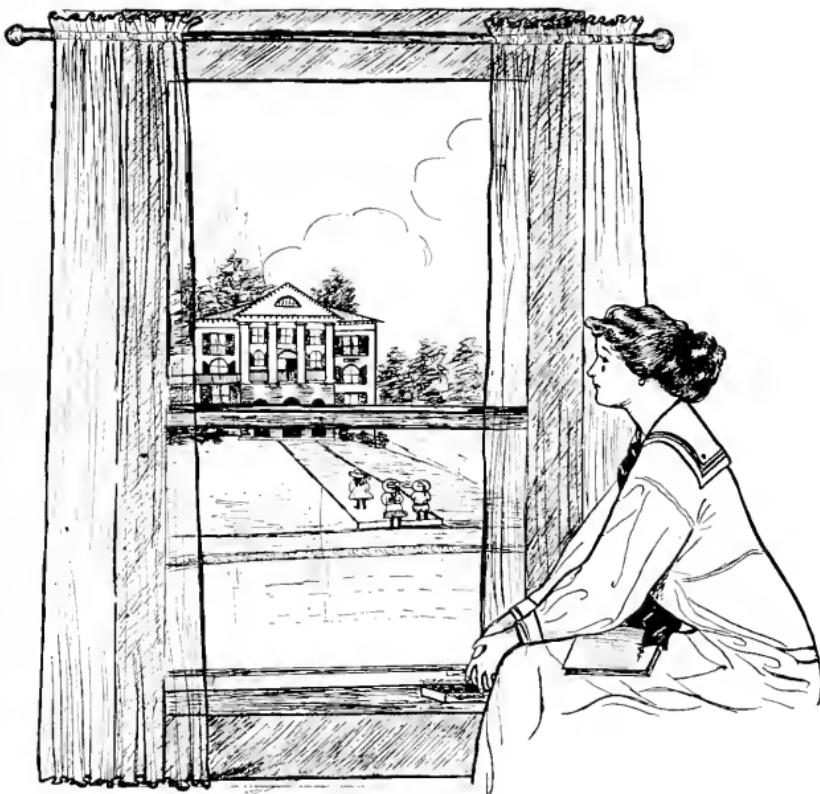
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Autumn

A is for All of the Senior Class
Who can show you their tickets, which bear the word pass.

U for Until, and it means until June!
That month of diplomas can't get here too soon!

T is for Training School, bugbear and dread
To Seniors who know that its halls they must tread.

U comes again for Utopia blest,
Where questions in teaching may be well expressed.

M stands for Methods and Management, too,
A large dose of which you must take to get through.

N for New methods, the Director's great pet;
When you use them quite wisely a high grade you'll get.

I. E. P.

Fall History

HOW can I really tell you of our joys and sorrows even for so short a time as three months?

Thoughts of this our Senior year were with us long before we entered school in September. We have always looked forward to our graduating year with joy, but with a certain amount of sadness, too.

However, during the first few days of school this sadness was completely hidden by the important air which every Senior possessed. This one thought predominated: we are *Seniors*, and upon realizing this we im-

mediately became several inches taller; even those of us who had not grown an inch in four years suddenly became very large and important—in their own estimation.

We roamed around school with a self-confident air and complacent smile, looking upon the lower class girls, especially the "rats," in a thoroughly patronizing way. This did very well for a few days.

The Training School, it is true, loomed before us, but there is a certain fascination about going into new places and coping with new situations, even though those places and situations are known to be decidedly dangerous. We were not allowed to remain in this patronizing stage very long; in a few days we really did have to get down to serious work.

Our class was divided into two sections, Teaching and Academic Seniors. One has no difficulty in recognizing a Teaching Senior. No matter what her disposition before, she is now staid, sober, quiet and dignified. She impresses one with the idea that the cares of the whole world have been suddenly placed upon her shoulders.

As for the Academic Seniors, their faces fairly beam on all occasions. For are they not delving into the mysteries of philosophy? Is there not some one to whom they can clearly show why manual training should be in the schools and to whom they can expound the fallacy of the finished product?

Owing to the fact that our Junior President did not return until a month after school opened, we were rather late in organizing our class. However, when the time for election of officers did come, even the air was charged with excitement. At 5:30 all was over and we boasted of Louise Ford, the best all-round girl in our class, as President.

In a meeting soon after we decided to keep the motto, colors, and flowers which we had during our third and Junior years. For the sweet pea, lavender and green had become dearer to many of us than any other flower or colors could be, and all agreed that "How good to live and learn!" is a motto well worth living by, not only throughout all our school life, but in after life as well. Then, too, our old third-year song, generally known as "3 B's are We,"

was changed last year to "Juniors are We," and this year, making still another change, we sing with much gusto, "Seniors are We."

For several meetings all is calm and serene, but soon comes the time to select our class pin. Grave and serious expressions appear on the faces of our brightest girls, for you must acknowledge that an important question now confronts us.

What kind of pin must we get? A meeting is called. We look at several styles and finally someone moves we vote on number 3.

"All in favor of having a class pin like number 3 hold up their hands," says Madame President. Up go the hands, a perfect sea of them.

"That is carried; no need to vote on the others."

A small voice is now heard from the back of the room.

"Er—er, Madame President, I mean, weren't we voting on number 4?"

"No, number 3."

"Oh, I didn't know that; I don't think the girls in the back of the room understood. I move we reconsider that decision."

We do and number 4 is chosen.

After weeks of anxious waiting the pins arrived. How proud we were. Girls were heard to say, "Now for the first time I feel like a real Senior!"

Such was the effect of a pin!

Imagine, if you can, our chagrin when the next day an under-class girl informed one of our number that the beloved pin reminded her of a soap-stand filled with soap.

We, the Class of 1911, decided to be original in one respect at least, and elect our honorary member early in the year. "Who shall it be, who shall it be?" A meeting is called for 4:30, a most important meeting, for the honorary member is to be chosen, and we are also to decide between a class book and an annual.

Nearly every one is present, and one look into their excited faces is sufficient to convince one that something is going to happen.

The question of class book or annual must be decided first. Many and fiery are the arguments advanced, long and loud the discussions. At last one of our deep thinkers suddenly wakes up to the fact that if we spend all our time in talking, we will never really decide, so she moves that we vote on the subject. A wise suggestion, and it is acted upon. The voting is close, but the class-book side won.

Some are happy over this decision, some are not, but there is no time to laugh or cry, as another important question has yet to be settled.

We are not long in choosing Dr. Millidge as the "Father of our class." It is very easy for us to decide that Dr. Millidge is to be our honorary member, but what about his decision? Our secretary is instructed to write to him at once, and we are urged not to tell a single soul, until we have heard from him.

We go in late to supper with an "I—know—sumpin'—I—ain't—goin'—tell" expression and at once throw down the gauntlet by declaring we are too excited to eat.

"What is the matter, what have you been doing?" is asked.

Of course no one tells, but in a marvelously short time many girls are informing some of us that Dr. Millidge has been elected honorary member of our class; to which we, with a most innocent expression, reply, "Has he? I am so glad you told me. I always wanted to know whom we would elect."

Soon after the election a class meeting is called. Rumors reach us that Madame President has received a most important telegram, which must be read to the entire class. Many were the speculations as to what that telegram contained, and there was a breathless silence when our President began to read:

"To Miss Louise Ford,
President Senior Class, S. N. S.,
Farmville, Va.

In order not to lose a moment of time, I hasten to accept by wire the honor bestowed upon me by the Senior Class. I was before "Senex"; I am now "Senior;" to my other degrees I add the comparative. The best comes last.

Gratefully yours,

F. A. MILLIDGE."

There was no such silence when she finished.

I thought I heard such expressions as "How cute!" "Wasn't that perfectly darling!" but I must have been mistaken, for certainly no dignified Senior would be guilty of saying either.

Our joys and sorrows for the first three months would not be complete without some mention of Seminar, which was organized in September. Sorrow was most certainly experienced whenever one was put on the program, but what about enjoyment? On one occasion a girl took a most delightful nap. She seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. Thus we see that even in Seminar both joy and sorrow can be, and was, experienced.

PEARL M. JUSTICE, *Historian*.

Fall Calendar

September 6—Cool reception to girls arriving early.

September 8—School opens. Sorrow reigns.

September 9—New teachers introduced. Much embarrassment on the part of the students(?).

September 17—Y. W. C. A. reception to new girls. Gloomy time.

September 29—Henshaw Grand Opera. A novel treat.

October 3—First presentation of notes. Weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

October 15—Mr. Lear was absent from chapel. Somebody stole his shoes.

October 28—Farmville Fair.

October 29—Infirmary full.

October 31—Hallowe'en supper. Quietude.

October 32—Dr. Field appeared in chapel in evening dress.

November 1—Dr. Jarman lectured on proper winter clothing.

November 2—Shoe stock sold out.

November 3—Miss Taliaferro disturbed by squeaking shoes.

November 4—Girls limping.

November 5—Back to slippers and comfort.

November 18—"Holly Three Inn" presented by Dramatic Club. Bitter tears were shed.

November 24—Thanksgiving.

Hulla—bal—loo! Rah! Rah!

Hulla—bal—loo! Rah! Rah!

Who, Rah? Who, Rah?

Reds—Rah! Rah!

November 25—Victor's Venetian Band. Girls appeared in stiff *high* collars. Agony!!

November 28—Senior Class organized and officers elected.





THE GUARDIAN OF THE BELL

As I sat by the window idly dreaming dreams and seeing visions, the gentle spring breeze came whispering softly to me, "Come with me, come with me." So I closed my eyes, and was wafted in spirit across the fathomless chasm of space and time into the borders of the Elysian fields. There I found myself among the shades of the departed spirits of the mortals I had read and studied about during my abode at the State Normal School. I was glad to recognize my old friends, Robinson Crusoe, Aladdin with his wonderful lamp, Abraham, Peter the Great, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Patrick Henry, Pythagoras, Pocahontas, Booker Washington, "Teddy" Roosevelt, Carrie Nation, and several others who made me feel very much at home by their hospitality. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a dark, shadowy form crouched down in one corner. Upon further investigation, I discovered the ghost to be none other than that of "Uncle Robert," the famous guardian of the bell at the State Normal School.

Looking around to find some friendly spirit with whom I might communicate, I saw the shade of Noah coming toward me. Remembering his kind, obliging disposition, I asked him to show me the earthly record of this dear departed brother. Taking me by the hand, he led me over to a massive table, upon which lay a mammoth book, which I was told was called the "Book of Life."

Turning over the leaves, he finally came to the following account: Robert Branch, born in 1859, died—here the date was blurred; served as faithful time-worker for the school girls at the Virginia State Normal School for twenty-five years.

VIRTUES.

Faithfulness to duty.
A loyal obedience to Dr. Jarman, Miss Carey, Aunt Lou and "Gyp."

Careful and prompt attention to the wishes and desires of "Gyp."

Faithfulness in carrying the school mail to and from the postoffice three times a day

Self-sacrificing in giving Dr. Jarman's horse daily exercise.

Weak disposition as shown by the way he always turned the other cheek to receive Aunt Lou's blows.

An aesthetic appreciation for the beautiful, as shown by his untiring efforts to keep the "emerald green" of the campus free from all careless papers and scraps.

Lastly, a faithful and punctual ringing of the school bell, except when temporarily incapacitated, or when the sun failed to keep time with his trusty Ingersoll watch.

"You can see for yourself," said my guide, "that the list of virtues far exceeds the number of transgressions, so the immortal host of departed spirits were glad to welcome among their midst this trusty guardian of the bell."

Thanking him profusely for his kind attention, I hastened back to where the ghost of "Uncle Robert" lay muttering to itself, and these are the words I heard:

"Drink, mortal, drink while Time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

Just here I was startled from my reverie by hearing a very earthly sound. Looking out of my window, I saw a short, dusky figure pulling at the ropes of the old school bell, proclaiming to the Normal School world that supper was nearly ready.

RUTH DABNEY, '11.





Winter

When the wind began to blow,
When we saw the sleet and snow;
Winter brought a train of thought,—
Were not class pins to be bought!

In haste we ordered pins galore,
In boxes came they, more and more;
Initials plain on them were chased,
In case a pin should be misplaced.

Now we thought of Christmas cheer,
'Neath our Senior badges dear.
Next we faced with smiles serene
New Year—happenings all unseen.

Training School was nearly o'er,
Troubles faced us by the score;
Teaching Seniors said they thought
Their diplomas dearly bought.

Endless toil their shoulders bent,
Endless cares to faces lent
Endless wrinkles, scowls and tears;
Every one was filled with fears.

Running o'er with spirits gay,
Rose those Seniors ticket day;
Ready now for anything,
Ready even for the spring.

I. E. P.

Winter History

T

HINK not that our path of glory was one of unalloyed happiness; think not that all of our joys and tribulations were confined to that fall of 1910, for there are still a great many more happy experiences and trying ordeals through which the Senior Class has passed and come out conquerors.

"Well, we have lived through three months of our Senior year, but think of those to follow," said our President to one of our girls. "I am sorry to have to call a class meeting this afternoon, but it must be done or we shall have no CLASS BOOK."

"You don't mean to say that we will have to elect the CLASS BOOK Staff this afternoon, do you?"

At this juncture the President rushed off to write the notice, calling for a class meeting at four-thirty. Four-thirty came and with it an impatient class. When the President announced the object of the meeting everyone gave a sigh, for each knew that the inevitable had arrived and all pleasure for that afternoon must be eliminated. It was almost unanimously decided that our popular classmate, Carrie Hunter, should be Editor-in-Chief of our CLASS BOOK. As her assistant we elected our bright and energetic member, Lalla Jones. We at once agreed that Katie Gray, our renowned debater, should have charge of the literary phase, and to assist her we chose a Peck of knowledge.

Our attention was then drawn to the securing of a steady and serious worker for Business Manager. This was no difficulty, for we all knew that Myrtle Townes possessed these qualities in abundance. Every Business Manager must necessarily have a map to guide her in her work. Ours was no exception, so we chose the Mapp of our class.

We always associate pictures with walls, so taking this into consideration you will not be surprised to know that we elected Lillian Wall as Picture Editor. Even though the Staff had to support the Shepard, we chose one as Assistant Picture Editor. This was the last important meeting before Christmas. We then adjourned, wishing each one a very pleasant time while at home for the holidays.

When Christmas was over and we had resumed our duties in school, the anticipated, yet dreaded, moment arrived. Dr. Stone had called us to get our tickets on "Teaching." We were punctual for once. Breathless moments were spent while we waited to hear our names called. The instant that the door was reached our dignity vanished and we were transformed into excited school girls again. We were "Teachers" no longer. What a relief!

Half an hour later quite a number of us were seen on Main Street, with a neat little placard pinned on our coats. It did not read, "Help the blind," as we usually see on such placards, but in bold print were seen these three words, "I got through." At this time top spinning seemed to be the dominating amusement among our fellow-students, so we, too, indulged in it, and thereby succeeded in losing the remainder of our dignity.

But, oh! how our hearts went out to those of our class who were attempting to assume the important air of teachers. The remainder of us knew just what this meant.

an important question now arose in our minds, and that was: Who should receive the honors which the class bestows? After carefully considering the merits of each girl, we held a meeting and presented these:

As poet, no one could surpass Irma Phillips, for she even writes her debates in verse. Who among us knows her classmates well enough to picture their future? Why not Lalla Jones, for she can even prophesy about our "pop" tests. As giftorian, we chose our Hunter, for she could hunt the woods over for our gifts. We needed an unprejudiced girl to write our Will, and who could be better than our Cole girl, Lucile?

Instead of girls with prospective mirds, we now wanted girls who have retrospective attitudes for our Historians. We selected Pearl Justice, Ruth Shepard, and Penelope White. This selection was due not only to their power of retrospection, but also to their recent grades(?) on History.

"The Juniors had a meeting to-day. They expect to entertain us on Washington's Birthday and we are to wear colonial costumes," said one Senior to another. All of us soon heard this and we wrote home to have our costumes made. In a few days we heard that we were to wear evening dresses, so of course we had to write home and rescind our first order, and have an evening dress made in its stead. A few more days elapsed, then came a note from the Junior Class, requesting us to appear in conventional attire,—such as a white shirt-wa'st suit. Their request was based on the fact that our resident physician had commanded that we wear dresses which were not detrimental to our health. Of course, our second order must also be cancelled.

At last the evening of the reception came, and with it a great array of white suits. The Juniors proved to be excellent hostesses, and it is useless to say that we spent a pleasant and delightful evening. In addition to the amusements provided by the Juniors, we sang our songs. Among them was one which we thought quite appropriate. It was as follows:

Put on your old green bonnet
With the lavender ribbon on it,
And hitch the shirt-waist to the skirt,
And with faces beaming,
And our colors streaming,
With our escorts we will flirt.

In the Farmville village
There's a man named Millidge,
And he wears our class pin every day.
He's the "Father of our Class,"
So let's all take a glass
To the hero of the day.

Exhausted—well, we were so tired that none of us could get to breakfast the next morning. But fortunately we managed to get to chapel. There we heard a notice to this effect: "Miss Overall will not meet her classes to-day,—neither will any of the other teachers." Now, we had a few minutes of rest and we made the best of it, too.

A First Class girl was heard to make this remark: "Some of our girls dress so inappropriately. Every day I see some girl going down town with a borrowed evening dress on, partly concealed by a long cape. What can this mean? Do the people dress that way here?" She was told that these girls were Seniors who were having their pictures taken for the CLASS BOOK.

Soon this ridiculous dressing ceased, but these same girls were seen carrying yellow envelopes. Everywhere on the streets and campus could be heard groups of girls exclaiming, "Let me see your proof. Oh! that is fine. Mr. Hunt makes our girls look beautiful." This was so true that we wondered why Mr. Hunt didn't change his sign from, "Hunt, the Photographer," to "Hunt, the Beautifier."

The axiom, "We live to learn," has certainly been substantiated by fact's since we became Seniors and there are still a few more things we learned about, as Seniors, that happened in the beautiful springtime.

RUTH SHEPARD, '11, *Historian*.

Winter Calendar

DECEMBER 1—Another talk on proper clothing by Dr. Jarman. Detention of offenders in chapel. Curtain lecture.

DECEMBER 2—First trash barrel descends.

DECEMBER 16—*Romeo and Juliet* by Mrs. Hannibal Williams. Fear somewhat abated—a few evening dresses appeared, hidden by heavy opera capes.

DECEMBER 20—Mr. Maddox had a "need" to come to the Normal School, otherwise he would have stayed away.

DECEMBER 21—A sad departure for home!

JANUARY 4—Mr. Tucker was kept busy escorting girls to school.

JANUARY 6—No epidemic, as yet.

JANUARY 13—*Cavalleria Rusticana*. Mr. Mattoon present.

JANUARY 17—Creatore (not Creosote) and his Band.

JANUARY 23—Teaching Seniors rejoicing. Academic Seniors weeping.

JANUARY 24—Temperature in Room I 212°. Why?

FEBRUARY 2—Groundhog saw his shadow, which added greater depression to the spirits of the Teaching Seniors.

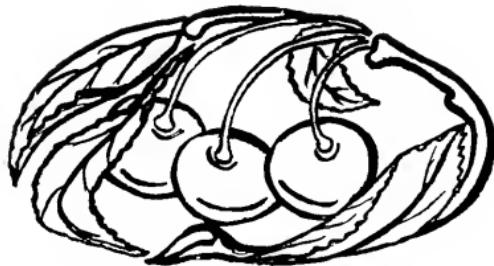
FEBRUARY 10—*Rip Van Winkle*. Mrs. Rip an ideal.

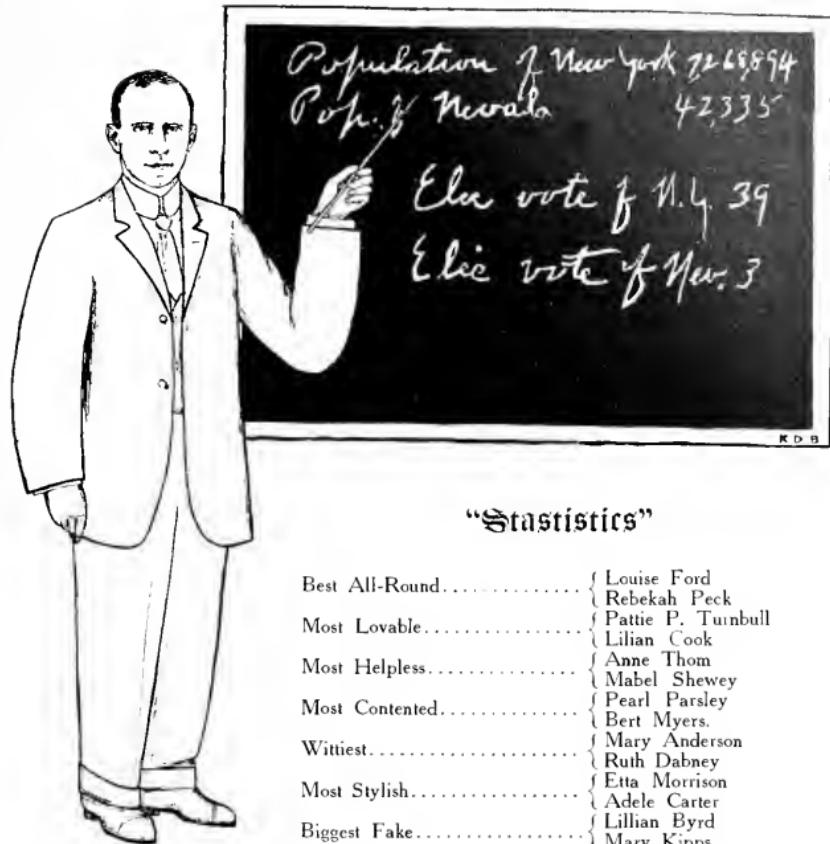
FEBRUARY 18—Joint debate—Cunningham vs. Pierian.

FEBRUARY 22—Junior-Senior Reception. "We hitched our shirt-waists to our skirts." Farmville Band serenaded.

FEBRUARY 23—Pattie Epes and Katie Gray took "gym."

FEBRUARY 26—Emory and Henry Glee Club.



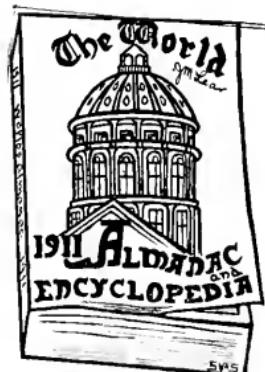


"Statistics"

Best All-Round.....	{ Louise Ford Rebekah Peck
Most Lovable.....	{ Pattie P. Turnbull Lilian Cook
Most Helpless.....	{ Anne Thom Mabel Shewey
Most Contented.....	{ Pearl Parsley Bert Myers.
Wittiest.....	{ Mary Anderson Ruth Dabney
Most Stylish.....	{ Etta Morrison Adele Carter
Biggest Fake.....	{ Lillian Byrd Mary Kipps
Prettiest.....	{ Ruth Shepard Pattie Epes
Most Intellectual.....	{ Florence Jayne Katie Gray
Most Spoilt.....	{ Etta Hope Rose Dickenson
Most Affectionate.....	{ Mertie McDonald Mary Fitzgerald
Sportiest.....	{ Adele Carter Janie Gaines
Most Original.....	{ Ruth Dabney Irma Phillips
Most Independent.....	{ Vera Tignor Bert Myers
Most Attractive.....	{ Katie Gray Carrie Hunter
Hardest Worker.....	{ Florence Jayne Virginia Johnson
Neatest.....	{ Sue Cook Roberta Saunders
Biggest Loafer.....	{ Myrtle Townes Vera Tignor
Biggest Tease.....	{ Etta Morrison Lucile Cole
Most Aggressive.....	{ Daisy Swetnam Lillian Byrd
Most Conceited.....	{ Pearl Berger Louise Eubank
Most Mischievous.....	{ Lillian Byrd Katie Gray
Most Quiet.....	{ Vera Tignor Selina Hindle
Most Conscientious.....	{ Sallie Drinkard Lillian Cook
Most Popular.....	{ Mary Fitzgerald Katie Gray
Most Airy.....	{ Louise Ford Pearl Parsley
	{ Mabel Smith

Most Sarcastic.....	{ Lucile Cole Ruth Shepard
Most Dignified.....	{ Nannie Wimbish Elsie Landrum
Cutest.....	{ Ruth Dabney Janie Gaines
Slangiest.....	{ Elsie Wilson Ruth Dabney
Most Striking.....	{ Helen Massie Etta Morrison
The Athletes.....	{ Kathleen Baldwin Lottie Thorpe
The Grumblers.....	{ Anna Howerton Anne Thom
Best Artists.....	{ Lillian Wall Sarah Stuart
Most Fickle.....	{ Gertrude Roberts Janie Gaines
Best NATURED.....	{ Marie Mapp Mary Fitzgerald
Daintiest.....	{ Carrie Hunter Margaret Hargroves
Most Indifferent.....	{ Sue Cook Myrtle Townes
Best Figure.....	{ Vera Tignor Effie Milligan
Most Modest.....	{ Helen Massie Etta Morrison
Best Musicians.....	{ Penelope White Martha Smith
Biggest Flirts.....	{ Etta Morrison Ruth Dabney
Best Dancers.....	{ Mertie McDonald Janie Gaines
Biggest Spooners.....	{ Susie Robinson Adele Carter
	{ Louise Eubank Margaret Hargroves
	{ Lalla Jones Carrie Hunter
	Mary Kipps

BIGGEST JOKER..... DR. MILLIDGE





Spring

S pring history,
No mystery.
Hard work
Girls shirk.

P ictures made
First grade.
Every lass
In class.

R umpus raised,
Girls crazed.
Kodak views;
"Brownie 2's."

I n Spring,
Queer thing!
Easter sports
Spoil reports.

N ew songs,
Senior throngs,
Voices shrill
Echo still.

G oing soon
In June.
Rising bell,
Farewell.

I. E. P.



Spring History

SPRING! Spring! What sweet memories that magic word recalls! It is my pleasure and privilege to relate our experiences during this bright, sunny weather. So much has already been told that I wondered if there would be anything left for me to say, but I have about come to the conclusion that half can never be told.

The approach of spring heralded a busy season, which might be designated by the Senior Class as the time for completing unfinished tasks, and of preparation for the climax of our school-life—graduation.

The first indication of this appeared when we set apart a regular time every week for class meetings, in order to transact our vast amount of business. The time unanimously agreed upon was Saturday night after supper.

The most usual occurrences in these meetings brought on animated discussions. The Seniors can never be accused of not talking enough. But, then, we had so much to talk about! It was a great temptation for a girl to ask her neighbor how she was having her dress made, or some other question equally important. The result was that she never heard the hot discussion of an important measure, and when Madame President would say, "All in favor of this motion," she would startle the august assembly by the abrupt question, "What did you say?"

At one of these meetings when the picture editor of the *CLASS BOOK* Staff notified us that all kodak pictures must be in within a week, there began a series of "moving pictures" in the borrowing and exchange of kodaks. Groups of girls were seen acting in a very queer manner on the campus, which behavior called forth the question from curious passers-by, "What are those girls doing?" They were generally told, "They are only some Seniors taking pictures."

And we never grew tired of having our pictures made,—we were even ready for the group picture when summoned for that momentous occasion. The Teaching Seniors betook themselves to the gymnasium to pose for theirs, while the academic Seniors assembled in front of the Training School. Dr. Millidge was present and honored us by occupying a central position in the group. From the expression of the girls' faces, it was hard to tell whether they smiled at one of Dr. Milledge's jokes, or were merely trying to look pleasant in the picture.

This delightful task was hardly finished before we were faced with the next serious proposition of having our jingles written for the *CLASS BOOK*. "Who's writing your jingle?" or "Have you had yours written yet?" was heard on every hand. All of our friends of any poetic talent whatever were

pressed into service for this,—and even the teachers did not escape, for if the girls didn't write one flattering enough, a member of the faculty was besieged.

On March 18th, the Senior Class was honored by having Miss Casler, the Virginia-Carolina territorial secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, speak to them on some of the problems and opportunities of girls after leaving school. All of us enjoyed Miss Casler's visit, and found her talk most helpful.

On the same day a very important meeting of the Senior Class was called. Every one was asking, "I wonder what we are going to do to-night?" But we weren't long left in doubt, for we were soon told that it was now time to decide to whom we should dedicate our CLASS BOOK. After much discussion and due deliberation, we agreed with one accord to dedicate it to our friend and well-wisher, Miss Jennie M. Tabb, the popular secretary to the president of our school.

Soon after this we heard that the secret had got out, and at our next meeting, much to our surprise, but amid great applause, our President read the following letter, which speaks for itself:

MY DEAR GIRLS:

As I am sure you never think of me without (perhaps subconsciously) thinking of office work in some form, I wish to say that the information given me on yesterday afternoon compels me to send this little "note" to each one of you just to say how very much I appreciate your thought of me, and the honor you have done me. My school days are getting rather far behind me, it is true, but not far enough to make me forget what such things mean to girls, and I assure you that I fully appreciate what you have done and (to come down to good, plain English) I think it is just as sweet in you as can be! Thank you from my heart.

I feel this all the more deeply because of the fact that I do not come in as direct contact with all of you as do those who teach you and those of the Home Department—so I had no idea that you had any feeling regarding me except as the medium through which you received your reports!

I am sending this "note" as a "statement" of my appreciation and, although I am the recipient of the honor, I can but say that your judgment in selecting the ornament(?) for the front of your CLASS BOOK is "poor;" your intentions, however, were "good;" I hope the picture will be "very good," and that the whole CLASS BOOK will be pronounced by all to be "excellent!"

With my love and good wishes for each one of you,

Sincerely your friend,

JENNIE MASTERS TABB.

As the days grew longer and time flew faster, the Seniors were busier than ever. Half of our class were engaged in teaching, while the other half were delving in the mysteries of philosophy to add to their already acquired experiences of the Training School. All of us were happy, however, for we were too busy to be miserable.

For a little diversion in the evening, we were often invited to the gymnasium to spend an hour in song. Our committee always had a new song for us and we usually completed our program by singing the old ones. Much to our credit, be it said, we practiced them so faithfully that everybody else in school learned them too.

About the first of April the monotony of our life was broken by the coming of the V. P. I. Glee Club. After a most charming evening spent in listening to music of every description—all good, of course—the Seniors entertained the

members of the club. The remainder of the evening was spent in receiving and getting acquainted, after which dainty refreshments were served.

Club. Immediately after the concert, the Seniors entertained the members of the Glee Club. The evening was delightfully spent in receiving and in dancing, after which, dainty refreshments were served.

The beautiful Easter season brought with it many joys. Chief among these was our little trip home. We were allowed to go home for a few days in order to make the all-important preparation for Commencement. Most of us availed ourselves of this opportunity, and returned to school happier than ever, and with the determination of making the most of our few remaining school days.

From this time on, the days passed so quickly we could scarcely keep count of them. They were such happy days, crowded to the full, that we found but few moments to spend in day-dreaming and joyful anticipations.

Well do we remember our last regular class meeting. There was such a clatter of voices and laughter that we would scarcely have been recognized as an assembled meeting. One of our number expressed the thought nearest to each of our hearts when she joyously announced, "Commencement begins to-morrow!" There was such a buzz of excitement; the very air teemed with it and our faces reflected it. Our fellow-students pardoned our unusual gaiety and merriment on the score that we were Seniors and had cause enough for all of it.

When at last we felt that our work was finished,—the Academic Seniors having completed all tests, and the Teaching Seniors, their last lesson plans, we began to prepare for our guests at Commencement. Part of the joy of graduating is in having our friends present, and this pleasure we had eagerly anticipated for many a day.

This Senior Class is not unlike other classes. We have mingled our joys and our sorrows; we have had our good days and our bad days. We have toiled together all these months and striven to live our beautiful motto, "How good to live and learn!" And now we stand as the Senior Class of 1911, the largest class that has ever been graduated from our beloved Alma Mater. We are strong in numbers—stronger in hopes and aspirations.

This brief history that draws to a close is merely a prelude to the history we have to make. What we make of our future, time alone can record, but with such a favorable beginning we have every reason to expect the best.

In the future records of our class it will not be found that Dame Fortune has bestowed greatness upon all of us, but our efforts will not be without their reward.

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of All-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

PENELOPE WHITE.

Spring Calendar

MARCH 3—Joint debate—Argus vs. Athenian.

MARCH 5—Lillian Byrd asked a question in class.

MARCH 10—Orange envelope parade.

MARCH 13—Girls were reminded by President Jarman that the month was March.

MARCH 15—Farmville is constantly adding new features of city life to its list of city holdings and accomplishments.

The latest, the roof-garden entertainment given under the open blue, was a brilliant success. As no one fortunate enough to be present has sent a pen sketch of the scenes of the evening, we dare not touch the charmed circle, for fear of marring it. This clipping appeared in the *Farmville Herald*.

MARCH 30—Clear weather.

APRIL 1—April fool.

APRIL 4—Great heroism displayed in chapel.

APRIL 5—Juniors had an arithmetic test.

APRIL 6—S. N. S. circus rivals P. T. Barnum.

APRIL 7—Juniors received notes—on what?

APRIL 15—Girls late for breakfast.

APRIL 18—Girls took “gym,” as Lent was over.

APRIL 21—Seniors depart for a visit at home—*Pictorial Review*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Delineator*, etc., in great demand.

MAY 15—*Midsummer Night's Dream*—performance by stars of the Literary Societies.

MAY 20—Had cheese for supper—a rarity.

MAY 26—Coburn Players arrived.

MAY 27—Last lesson plan written.

MAY 28—Red ink discarded by supervisors.

JUNE 4-7—Speak for themselves.



Class Poem

LIFE WATERS

I

The fountain sends upward its glory in droplets that glisten and gleam,
The sunlight breaks golden and purple through mist-spray—a radiant beam.
It is life bubbling up from the fountain,—life that so free from it flows,
The water which moves ever onward, and tells its own tale as it goes.

II

The brooklet's song is of pleasure, its frolicsome laugh is of fun,
And 'twen mossy couches babbling, its sparkling face lifts to the sun.
It ripples and trills o'er the pebbles, caresses the flowers and ferns,
And merrily prattles their secrets, then hurries through windings and turns.

The mountain stream leaps on in torrents, now swerving to left, now to right,
Content with its own dashing glory, reflecting its own sparkling light;
Receiving the brooklets, still gurgling, which flow from its neighboring haunts,
Rushing joyfully on to the river, no obstruction its reckless course daunts.

The river calm, deep and majestic, through valleys all radiant with bloom,
Flows on till it reaches the gorges, which cast o'er it shadows of gloom.
But when from these shades it emerges, with brightness reflected anew,
It sweeps gently on to the ocean with current unswervingly true.

III

The brooklet is childhood and playtime, with laughter and dancing and joy,
With songs of a gladsome nature, and pleasures which naught can destroy;
Like pebbles o'er which the brook ripples small cares come into our way.
The flowers and ferns are the friends that cluster around us each day.
And youth is the rivulet dashing, the turbulent, wild mountain stream,
The poetic teachings of nature we glean from the teachings supreme.
So traveling onward rejoicing, our hearts for the best knowledge yearn;
We are filled with the joy of feeling, "How good to live and to learn!"

When the body, the mind, and the heart have completed the stages of youth,
When they tell of a nature well rounded in gentleness, spirit, and truth,
Tis then we may turn to the river, and see in its current strong
The life which soon we must enter, with happy contentment and song.

And now with our joys and our sorrows, ambitions and hopes reaching high,
We stand on the brink of that life, we pause as the time draws nigh—
The time when our work shall be tested, the time when that work must ring true
We smile, but with tears at the parting—at bidding each other adieu.

And thus we pass on as the river, to the life which we seek to find,—
The river on to the ocean, and we to the Master kind,
To the life which knows no ending, no minutes, nor hours, nor days,
But a glad, all-combining glory, in His presence to shine always.

IRMA E. PHILLIPS.







CARRIE ANDERSON
DILLWYN, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society.



"Waiting"

Just a girl, let others know,
With whom we like to dwell,
She is true in weal and true in woe,
We grieve to say farewell!

MARY ALICE ANDERSON
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society.



"Reading"

She is very fond of her ease is she,
With a touch of the epicure strain:
Yet she never is lacking when work's to be
done,
And she never attempts it in vain.
Her laugh is quite jolly, her speech is
quite droll,
No matter the time or the place,
Unless you're successful in strangling your
smile,
You'll find yourself deep in disgrace.



KATHLEEN BALDWIN
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

I. M. P. S.; Racket Raisers' Tennis Club; S. N. S. Basket-Ball Team; Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Skating Club; "The Reds."



She's really a sport, and Queen of the Day—
Athletic from her head to her toe,
She'll surely come first when a game is in play,
For Kitty's a winner, you know.

"Kitty"



PEARL BERGER
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

Recording Secretary of Athenian Literary Society, 1909; Corresponding Secretary of Athenian Literary Society, Fall, 1910; Treasurer of Athenian Literary Society, 1911; Dramatic Club; Glee Club.



"The Actress"

Of all the lassies in our class,
There are none who can surpass
This maiden fair with talents rare;
In songs and play she wins the day
With beauty, grace, and charming face;
Behind the footlights, from afar,
Her radiance beams, a shining star!



ARCHIE PAULINE BLAIN
DEERFIELD, VIRGINIA

Jefferson Debating Society.



"Posing"

Happy-go-lucky, old Archibald Blain,
Her face is e'er smiling, in sunshine or rain.
She always seems glad, and it's needless to say
She has without doubt a most lovable way.



ADDIE LEE BOOMER
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA



"Oh, Pshaw!"

Why, what can you say about Addie?
She's dainty and modest and small,
Not a bit inclined to be "faddy,"
Just nice and sweet—that's all.



PEARL BOWYER
FINCASTLE, VIRGINIA

Pierian Literary Society.



"Lonesome"

Here's sweet Pearl B., with eyes of jet,
And long and dusky tresses,
She is so shy, she never yet
Has joined our gay and noisy set,
But every one impresses.



ANNA ATKINSON BRIGGS
HOMEVILLE, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society.



"Awaiting Justice"

"My! how I hate to get up!" is Anna's
morning song,
And Anna never budges until she hears the
gong.
She is very fond of Justice—she thinks it is
a Pearl;
And when she meets Miss Coulling it sets
her head awhirl.



MARGARET BROWN
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA



"Oh, for a Man!"

Already she has a host of friends,
Who will miss her so when the session ends.
To be a "schoolmarm" she does not aspire,
But something far greater, nobler, higher.



LILIAN MAUDE BYRD
MARTINSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Dramatic Club; President of Cunningham
Literary Society, 1911.



"Our Bird"

Of course you have heard
Of our marvelous "Bird."
Of the depth of her mind,
Of the points she can find,
For discussion in class and outside.
The faculty note
On this teacher of note,
So do others in plenty beside.



ADELE VIRGINIA CARTER
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

I. M. P. S.; Cotillion Club; Glee Club;
Racket Raisers' Tennis Club.



"Allen"

Adele Carter, did you say?
I see her 'most every day.
Tennis is one of her arts—
Also plays well the game of hearts.
I am afraid this charming maid
Much too often makes a raid.
Oh! then, many a heart is hurt:
This demure maid—she's a flirt.

FANNIE H. CHARLTON
DILLWYN, VIRGINIA



"I Don't Know"

Of all the girls in S. N. S.,
There is not one more sweet,
More dignified or more reserved,
More modest or more neat.
She's kind to all who meet her,
She makes them love her too,
She thinks to mind one's own affairs
Is all that one should do.



GRACE TERRELL CLEMENTS
BEAVER DAM, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society.



"Did She Mean to Smile?"

Grace Clements is a willing maid,
And always in demand;
From morn till night
She's ready quite
To lend a helping hand.

VIRGINIA LUCILE COLE
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

Corresponding Secretary Pierian Literary Society, 1910; President of Pierian Literary Society, 1910-11; Critic of Pierian Literary Society, 1911.



"A Book on Sarcasm"



A learned air has Lucile Cole—
An air with much foundation—
And some sweet day she'll do some deed
To astonish this whole nation.
An essay? No, a lecture?—Well,
"Tis nearer a debate—
We know her as of old, and so
We're certain of her fate.



ABBIE MAY CONDUFF
WILLIS, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society.



"Shy Lassies!"

She came to us a wee, shy maid,
She leaves us tall, demure, and staid;
Four long years in our midst she's been,
With her big brown eyes and ways that win.

LILIAN GLOVER COOK
BON AIR, VIRGINIA

President of Y. W. C. A., 1910; Vice-President of Cunningham Literary Society, 1910-11; Asheville Delegate, 1910; Member of Student Government Committee, 1910-11.



"Flirting"



Rosy cheeks and shining eyes,
Heart as crystal pure;
Dainty head, exceeding wise—
That's our "Cookie," sure!



SUE BROWN COOK
BASKERVILLE, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society; Glee Club.



"Plotting"

Little Miss Cook, so very good,
Always does just as she should;
Very proper, rather slim,
Always sweet and very trim.

MARY LUCILE COUSINS
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Treasurer of Argus Literary Society,
1910-11.



"Miserable!"



"Little brown-eyed uncle," as Joseph thee
dost call,
Who doth with glances piercing make havoc
with us all.
Your eyes send cupid arrows through heart
with armor thick,
And make your "case" "just miserable" with
jealous green love-sick.



RUTH DABNEY
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority; Corresponding Secretary of Argus Literary Society; Librarian of Y. W. C. A., 1910; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1911; Asheville Delegate, 1910; Glee Club; Exchange Editor of *Focus*, 1911; F? A* N—G! S!!?

"Little Dab's" a creature with a gladsome twang,
Her eyes are full of merriment, her speech is spiced with slang;
She greets you oft with "Israelite" when with you she doth meet.
She's witty, wise, original,
And dear, and cute, and sweet.



"Little Dab"

ETHEL LOUISE DAVIS
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA



"Where is Nellie?"

Here's a star of great light,
First in magnitude and power.
She's as gentle as a dove,
And as bright as any flower—
Louise Davis, 'tis she,
With her curves and her curls,
I think she's all right,
At least she is with us girls.



ROSE BASKERVILL DICKENSON
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Kappa Delta; Coillion Club; Cunningham Literary Society.



"Making Eyes"

Dainty and trim is our little Rose,
And happy as a linnet;
Dark days are not for such as she,
And if you very blue should be,
She'll cure you in a minute.



WILLIE DIEHL
SUTHERLAND, VIRGINIA

President A.-B. Club.



"W. E."

And now we present our own little "W. E.,"
Whose happy, smiling face you see,
We've not room to tell of her charm,
But in our hearts her place is warm;
Pray grant us space to say we feel
We wish success to Willie Diehl.



ZOZO L. DIXON
RURAL RETREAT, VIRGINIA

Jefferson Debating Society; Secretary,
1910-11; "Saints."



Of all the girls at S. N. S.,
"Little Joe" Dixon is the best;
Her smiling eyes,
And winsome ways
Shall ever be missed
Through the long summer days.

"Studying"



SALLIE W. DRINKARD
APPOMMATTOX, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society Critic, 1910-11.



"Did She Speak?"

For four long years, faithful and true
She has ever been to the white and blue;
And in all this time no one has heard
A slang expression, or favorite word.
Quiet, reserved, and modest is she,
With a heart just as true as one could be.
Of the Training School she ne'er ceases to
speak
In her conversation from week to week.



LULU SLATER DRIVER
BRIDGEWATER, VIRGINIA

Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority; Cotillion Club; Dramatic Club.



"Studying Chemistry"

She came to us in the "third year,"
With curly hair and dimples dear.
Her bright blue eyes with their twinkle of fun
Told us that mischief had just begun.

PATTIE ELIZABETH EPES
DINWIDDIE, VIRGINIA

K A F; Glee Club; Second Vice-President Argus Literary Society, 1910-11; Skating Club; Skimmers' Tennis Club; Secretary German Club, 1907-08; Green Basket-Ball Team; Daredevil Basket-Ball Team; Captain Baseball Team, 1908-09; "Playhouse"; O T; B! P! C!; A*S*G*L; Petersburg Club.



"Mischief Brewing"

Pitter patter, how her heels clatter,
As she dances on;
Baby eyes, looks quite wise—
Chatter on till morn—
Cares not for the H.-S. boys,
Neither those from Tech;
The only thing she's looking for
Is just one little "Speck."



HONORA LOUISE EUBANK
DUNNSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Γ Θ; Treasurer of Junior Class, 1910; Recording Secretary of Cunningham Literary Society, 1910; Corresponding Secretary of C. L. S., 1910-11; Reporter of Cotillion Club, 1910; Dramatic Club; Racket Raisers' Tennis Club; President of Cotillion Club, 1910-11; Joint Debater of Cunningham Literary Society, 1911; Vice-President of Cunningham Literary Society, 1911.



"I See You"

A story-teller she, but in Training School
only;
For she knows much good news and she
smiles sweetest smiles,
And for beauty, and charm, she is noted for
miles.



NITA EVANS
SOUTH BOSTON, VIRGINIA

Γ Θ; Censor of Pierian Literary Society,
1909.



"Star Gazing"

A picture of Nita we here portray
In this record of bright faces,
And memory will hold for aye
When we are bent, and old, and gray.
Her talents and her graces.



FLORENCE FLEMING EVERETT
DRIVER, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society.



"Behind the Bars"

An independent maid is she,
Though quite alluring she can be.
To teach high math is Flossie's aim,
And thus she hopes to win her fame;
But I could swear upon my life
She'll win her fame as charming wife.

LOUISE RANDOLPH FERGUSSON
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society.

Recording Secretary Cunningham Literary
Society, 1910-11.



"Sporting"

Sentimental girlie with locks of waving brown,
She will find an automobile if there be one
in town;
In Mr. Maddox's classes she has periods
eight,
These constitute the only ones in which she
isn't late.
Good-natured is this girlie, with her smiling
glance astute,
Yet, spite of wisdom, she will say, "Now you
know that is too cute!"



MARY E. FITZGERALD
ELBA, VIRGINIA

Vice-President Pierian Literary Society, 1910; Treasurer Pierian Literary Society, 1911; Second Recording Secretary Pierian Literary Society, 1908-09; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1910; Asheville Delegate, 1910; Glee Club; French Club; Student Government Committee, 1911; Vice-President Student Government Association, 1910.



"Goody"

Her nature is a noble one,
Her mind is firm and strong;
You can not help but love her
When you've known her very long.

NELLE MARTHA FITZPATRICK
BEDFORD CITY, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society; Cotillion Club.



"Little Nell"



Little Nell as Beatrice
Filled our hearts with wonder;
Little Nell in Training School
Never made a blunder;
Little Nell loves Cunningham,
"Chicken" she adores;
As for Randolph-Macon boys—
Does she think them bores?



ANNIE LOUISE FORD
FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA

Kappa Delta; Recording Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Business Manager of *The Guidon*, 1908-09-10-11; Treasurer of Normal League; Cotillion Club; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., 1910-11; Delegate to Asheville, 1909; Delegate to Group Council, Richmond, 1910; Vice-President and President of the Cunningham Literary Society, 1910-11; President of Student Government Association, 1910-11; President of Senior Class, 1911; Salutatorian of Class 1911.



"Rattie"

Pride of the Cunninghams,
Pride of old S. N. S.,
Know that in every heart
Your sweet face will rest;
Well have we loved your smile,
Joy have we known in you,
Girl of a thousand girls,
Leader, beloved and true.

JANIE GAINES
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority; Cunningham Literary Society; Cotillion Club; Glee Club.



Did you ever know Janie?—She is only a girl,
With pretty brown eyes and hair that will curl;
And sweet, winning ways, that say "no" and mean "yes,"
And just how to take her a fellow must guess.



CLAIRE EVERETT GILLIAM
FRANKLIN, VIRGINIA

R. T. C.



"Philopena"

See, here is a picture of Claire,
Don't you think she is wondrous fair?
She's brimful of mischief and ready for fun,
And believes not in leading the life of a nun.

ELOISE GASSMAN
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA



"Pretense"

Eloise, the musician of a former day,
Indeed there was none finer,
But the talent she did best display
Was in the scale of "E. Minor."
Now her talent is for art;
Her music forgotten sorta
Is shown by the way she's lost her heart,
To a stunning Yankee "Borda."



LENA MILLAR GILLIAM
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society; Glee Club.



'Tis Lena M. Gilliam,
We're glad she is here,
For we always feel better
When Lena is near;
We are sorry at parting,
Which causes great pain,
But hope to see Lena again and again.

"Wait for Me!"

SALLIE SHEPPERSOON GOGGIN
RUSTBURG, VIRGINIA

Argus Literary Society.



"Catch Me"



This pretty "little" golden-haired lass
Is the "smallest" girl of the Senior Class;
Never for an "auto" does she long,
But always "one for my own" is her song.
Love for supervisors she does not check,
First 'twas Forman, now 'tis Peck.
Everything stirs when Sally comes,
With broom and dustpan the whole room
hums.



KATIE WALKER GRAY
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

K A Γ; President of Argus Literary Society, 1911; Critic of Argus Literary Society, 1910; Intersociety Debater Argus vs. Cunningham, 1910; Argus vs. Athenian, 1910; Argus vs. Athenian, 1911; Red Basket-Ball Team, 1910-11; Skimmers' Tennis Club; B! P! C!; Literary Editor of CLASS BOOK, 1911; A*S*G*L.



"Hi! Old Cat"

"Appearances deceive us,"
I heard somebody say,
And this is strangely suited
To charming Katie Gray.
She's well beloved and clever,
But how she loves a lark!
And though she looks angelic—
She's a goblin in the dark.

MARGARET V. HARGROVES
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society; Class Reporter
to *The Focus*.



"Where is Lalla?"

Modest and dainty is Margaret,
With an air that is ever so charming—
And if her smooth temper you'd happen to
ruffle
She wouldn't prove very alarming.
In cooking and sewing she's really amazing,
And wouldn't you think it a shame
If she didn't help some one who'd give in
exchange
His hand, and his heart, and his name?



ELIZABETH HOBSON HASKINS
SOUTH BOSTON, VIRGINIA

Recording Secretary of Ruffner Debating Society.

Elizabeth Haskins, this damsel fair,
Is a Halifax specimen, rich and rare;
She entered this school with a mien sedate,
She exists now in still grander state.
But it is my prediction that she'll be
A country schoolma'am—wait and see!
For "A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Always come to some bad end."



"Smiles! All in Vain"

MARY LOUISE HATCH
SOUTH RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



"Oh, Fudge!"



Mary, so quiet, and so nice,
Came to us one day;
We hardly knew that she was here,
Although she'd come to stay.



ROSA DEAN HATCH
SOUTH RICHMOND, VIRGINIA



"Rohring"

I love its gentle warble,
I love its gentle flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to hear it go.

GAY ASHTON HATCHER
CHESTER, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society.



"Twinses"

This is Ashton Hatcher, with her merry
laugh and ways,
You never hear her grumble on account of
teaching days.
From morn until evening she does nothing
else but talk
About her supervisor, and their long and
pleasant walk.
Her nicknames are quite many, and she has
them by the score,
If she were not fond of "Tattie," she would
like to have some more.



SELINA HOWARTH HINDLE
AMELIA, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society.



"Talking?"

You do not know Selina?
Then listen to our view:
A sturdy, conscientious girl,
Of metal firm and true.
In judging weighty matters
She may be rather slow,
But when at last her mind is made,
She's prompt to say, "I know."

LAURA HOMES
BOYDTON, VIRGINIA

Argus Literary Society; Censor of Argus
Literary Society, 1910; Skimmers' Tennis
Club.



"Winkie"

Wynken and Blynken were two little eyes,
But Winkie's a dear little girl.
Who teaches algebra, and is so wise it sets
our heads in a whirl.
She knows about all the mischief that happens
in the school,
But she's sometimes afraid to know it, and
herself does not break a rule.



ETTA HOPE
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA



"Contented"

Etta, Etta, I've been thinking
How dejected you would be,
If our room had been located
Where "Lucile" you could not see.

ANNA JAMES HOWERTON
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society; Critic
Cunningham Literary Society, 1910-11;
Delegate to the Student Volunteer Conven-
tion at Rochester, 1909.



"I Know It"

This little maid from Lexington town
Is fair to look upon.
If you search her mind there will be found
The brilliancy of the sun.
At V. M. I. and Washington and Lee
She causes quite a stir;
It is quite natural that she should,
For there are few like her.



CARRIE OLIVIA HUNTER
APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA

Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority; W. A. N. K.; President of Junior Class, 1909-10; President of Cotillion Club, 1909-10; Vice-Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1908-09; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Censor Cunningham Literary Society, 1908-09; Treasurer of Athletic Association, 1910-11; Editor-in-Chief of SENIOR CLASS BOOK.



"Cases"

This is "Miss Carrie,"
But where is "Miss Mary?"
Somewhere in this line,
For 'tis certain "Miss Carrie"
Must have "Miss Mary"
Right near her all the time.

FLORENCE M. JAYNE
ROCK CASTLE, VIRGINIA

News Reporter, 1910; Critic, 1911,
Athenian Literary Society.



"Reflections"



This sweet-faced maid
Her talents oft displayed,
For writing original rhyme;
Her friends when they read,
Were delighted and said,
"It's a real genius we have this time."



VIRGINIA HOWARD JOHNSON
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

President of Pierian Literary Society, 1911; Critic of Pierian Literary Society, 1910-11; French Club; R. T. C.; Cunningham vs. Pierian Debate, 1911.

There is nowhere a girl so fair
As is Virginia,
And no one has so sweet an air
As has Virginia.
For she's a maid we all admire,
And one of those born to inspire,
As no one so sets our hearts on fire
As does Virginia.



"Good-bye"

EMILY WINIFRED JOHNSON
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cunningham Literary Society.



"Our Philosopher"

And here is Emily J,
Tall, willowy, graceful;
A very careful maid is she,
And work that would please you or me
To her would seem disgraceful.



BESSIE GORDON JONES
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Bessie Jones, Bessie Jones, why don't you
stay at home?
I have to go to Seminar to hear Professor
Stone.
Bessie Jones, Bessie Jones, what do you do
there?
I only poke my tongue out and tousle up
my hair.



"Oh, Gee!"



LALLA RIDLEY JONES
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society; Glee Club;
Assistant Editor-in-Chief of CLASS BOOK;
Class Prophetess.



"Clinging"

Oh, cold-hearted Lalla with indifferent mien,
But of generous impulses, best ever seen!
Capricious, original, yet loyal and true,
She loves the whole world—that is, all
except you;
And though you may woo her with words
e'er so sweet,
She'll probably trample you under her feet.



PEARL McVOY JUSTICE

JARRATT, VIRGINIA

Reporter of Cunningham Literary Society, 1909-10; Treasurer of Cunningham Literary Society, 1909-10; Joint Debater of Cunningham Literary Society, 1910-11; French Club; Cotillion Club; Glee Club.



"Good Land!"

This gay little lady from Jarratt
Has no empty space in her garret.
Whenever we see her she is working,
For our Justice was never caught shirking.
Don't think we at all overrate her,
Our charming and clever debater.



MARY ELOISE KIPPS EDENTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority; W. A. N. K.; Cotillion Club; Reporter for Cunningham Literary Society, 1910; Reporter for Cotillion Club, 1910-11; Glee Club.



"Cases"

Here is "Miss Mary,"
But where is "Miss Carrie"?
Somewhere in this line,
For 'tis certain "Miss Mary"
Must have "Miss Carrie"
Right near her all the time.



ELSIE FLORENCE LANDRUM
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Argus Literary Society; B! P! C!



"Quiet for Once"

She is good and kind and thoughtful,
Yet the sparkle in her eye
Will tell you how she values fun,
As jokes go passing by.
She is a friend you like to gain,
A friend you like to keep;
The reason in a nutshell is—
"Still water runneth deep."

VICTORIA MAY LANGSLOW
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society; Reporter,
1910-11; Recording Secretary, 1910-11.



"Gracious Knows"



Who's the girl with the great-big heart?
Of course our little May.
Who's the girl to do her part?
Why this is our little May.
She's ready for work and ready for play,
At any hour of night or day—
And this isn't half I want to say,
Of this our own little May.



LUCY BEVERIDGE LEAKE
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

K A Γ; Recording Secretary Pierian
Literary Society, 1910-11; B! P! C!;
Petersburg Club; A*S*G*L.



Lucy Leake is a sort of a fake;
Her highest ambition is to stay awake,
Till all her "cases," her sweet face missing.
Come round at night for the purpose of
kissing.
Often when the last bell has rung,
You may hear then tramping, one by one;
Dear Lucy, if to stop this you care,
Make your winsome smiles more rare.

"Who Would Have Thought It!"



MERTIE EDITH McDONALD
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society; Dramatic
Club; Glee Club.



"Yes, Dear"

Thanks to the Magic City,
Who this dear daughter has sent,
To brighten and comfort, for well we all
know
Joy giving is surely her bent.

A teacher of Latin is she,
A singer and actress beside;
Three cheers for our Mertie, our sweet little
Mertie,
Whose record we view with much pride.



LILA HASKINS McGEHEE
CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society; Mandolin and
Guitar Club.



"Laughing"

With smile so charmingly sweet,
With dress so faultlessly neat,
With a style that's hard to beat—
That's Lila.

MARIE TALMAGE MAPP
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority; Treasurer
of Cunningham Literary Society, 1911; Glee
Club; Red Basket-Ball Team; Secretary
of Athletic Association; Assistant Business
Manager of CLASS BOOK.



"Oh, Go Off!"



She is one of charming grace;
No one has a stronger face;
This face it serves as a "map" so fine
To point out virtues in every line.



MARY VIOLET MARSHALL
BIG ISLAND, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society.



"A Mocking Bird"

If you want a girl who is jolly,
If you want a girl who is fine,
If you want a girl who will help you,
I have such a one in mind.
Her name we will say is Violet,
On an "Island" she can be found,
But the island is near no water,
Now this mystery you expound.

MYRTLE DORMER MARTIN
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Jefferson Debating Society; President, 1910-11; Critic, 1911; French Club; "Saints."



"Little, But Loud"

Myrtle Martin, little but loud,
Suits her dignity to the crowd;
Like to read the latest books—
Caring little for her looks;
Often seen walking around
Eating candy by the pound.
Never known to powder or paint,
Yet much loved by every "Saint."



HELEN CHURCHILL MASSIE
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

Σ Σ Σ; Argus Literary Society; Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Editor-in-Chief of *The Focus*, 1911; F. A. N. G. S.



"Fond Lover, Why So Sad?"

Fair Helen, whose glance
Makes you dizzy with joy,
To us far surpasses Helen of Troy,
Because to her beauty, her grace and her youth
There is added sincerity, wisdom, and truth.

NELLIE MAUPIN
CULPEPER, VIRGINIA

Argus Literary Society.



"Arguing"

Nellie is a wise, wise girl,
Nellie's very shy;
Nellie loves Miss L. O. A.,
We every one see why.
Nellie loves to argue,
She loves it more than pelf,
If there is no one else to argue with
She'll argue with herself.



EFFIE BERRY MILLIGAN
CAPE CHARLES, VIRGINIA

Treasurer Pierian Literary Society, 1911;
Glee Club.



"Tennis"

Here is Effie. By her serious looks
You'd think she thought much of her books;
But looks are deceitful, all her friends say
That she really is very fond of play.
A lover of music, the dreamy kind;
Like all women, "changeful as wind";
Capable, willing, and ready to do—
Of girls like her you'll find very few.

ETTA WATKINS MORRISON
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA

K Δ; D. I. R. K.; Manager of School
Basket-Ball Team, 1910-11; Vice-President
of Athletic Association, 1910-11; Asheville
Delegate, 1910; Cotillion Club.



"Is This Etta?"



Long and slim,
Very thin,
A mile and a half
From her toe to her chin—
'Tis Etta M.,
Without a doubt,
For she is sweetness
Long drawn out.



BERT CARL MYERS
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Corresponding Secretary; Recording Secretary Cunningham Literary Society; Cotillion Club; Glee Club.



"Well, People!"

We have in our midst a blue-eyed child,
Whose manner is gentle, and sweet, and mild,
Even when all the rest are blue.
She opens the clouds and the sun shines
through.

PEARL ALDANA PARSLEY
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Cunningham Literary Society Critic, 1911.



"Airs"



Within our midst we have a Pearl,
A gem both rare and costly;
And don't you know this maid did grow
Within a patch of Parsley!
Her voice is like a silvery bell,
Her manner sweet and kind;
Where'er you be you'll never see
A girl one-half so fine.



REBEKAH PECK
FINCASLE, VIRGINIA

Alpha Sigma Alpha Sorority; Treasurer of Class, 1908-09; Recording Secretary of Y. W. C. A., 1910; Delegate to Asheville Conference, 1910; Member of Student Government Committee, 1910-11; Assistant Literary Editor of CLASS BOOK, 1911; Secretary of Senior Class.



"Well, I'll Vow!"

P leasant little "Becca," with smiling face
 serene,
E very girl in school doth love her well, I
 ween.
C atch the glimpse of sunshine in eyes of
 smiling blue,
K now her for a stanch old friend, a friend
 both tried and true.



MABEL EVA PETERSON
BERKLEY, VIRGINIA

President, Reporter, Critic, Ruffner Debating Society; German Club.



"Deserted"

Now this is one we'll ne'er forget—
 Our kind, obliging Mabel;
We see at time with much regret
 Sad melancholy claims her yet;
 She is one in a fable.



LUCY PHELPS
BEDFORD CITY, VIRGINIA

Ruffner Debating Society.



"Pretending"

A maid there is, from Bedford she,
As good, she seems, as good can be;
But goodness is a patent bluff,
As you can see full well enough—
A trick to fool the faculty.

IRMA ELISABETH PHILLIPS
BASKERVILLE, VIRGINIA

Student Assistant Librarian, 1907-10; Treasurer of Argus Literary Society, 1908; Reporter of Argus Literary Society, 1910; Vice-President of Argus Literary Society, 1910-11; President of Class, 1908-09; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., 1909-10; Delegate to Asheville Conference, 1909; Literary Editor of *The Guidon*, 1910; Literary Editor of *The Focus*, 1911; Class Poet, 1911; Skimmers' Tennis Club; German Language Club; A*S*C*L; "Playhouse"; O. T.



"Little Irma"

Only a gentle word as she passed,
But it eased a heart that was aching;
Only a blue-eyed glance she cast,
But the glance helped more than speaking;
If the "little things" have "little wings,"
To help as they upward fly,
Then, Irma, thy "tender little things"
Should bear thee far to the sky!



GERTRUDE ROBERTS
HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Across the breeze there comes a song
Of silvery tones so clear,
That voice is heard the whole day long,
'Tis that of Gertrude dear.
From morn till night you can hear her sing,
As through the hall she goes;
Good cheer and sunshine does she bring,
And scatters all our woes.



"Hiding"

SUSIE ELIZABETH ROBINSON
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

K A G; Recording Secretary of Pierian
Literary Society, 1911; B1 P! C!
A*S*G*L; Petersburg Club.



"Where is He?"

She lives at S. N. S., but
Her heart is on the fly,
Perhaps in North Calina,
Perhaps at V. P. I.
I think perhaps she'll find it
When for it she does seek;
I think 'tis in the keeping
Of that six-foot Taylor Peake.



SARAH LENNICE ROSS
EDGERTON, VIRGINIA



"Waiting"

Lennice Ross is a girl of vim,
She's neither tall, nor is she slim.
When it comes to grumbling she's the one
To grumble only and just for fun.



MARTHA ROBERTA SAUNDERS
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Kappa Delta Sorority; Beau; Cunningham Literary Society; Delegate to Asheville, June, 1909; Glee Club; Secretary of Class, 1909-10; Member of Student Government Committee, 1910-11.



"Has Anybody Seen Kelly?"

"Anybody here seen Kelly?" is the song she
always quotes,
And her tones resound in chords profound of
sweet "E. Minor" notes;
And when to us she comes no more we'll
truly lonesome be,
For who of all the girls we know is quite
so dear as she?



KATHLEEN SAVILLE
MURAT, ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY, VIRGINIA
Jefferson Debating Society.



"She's Only Fooling"

Kathleen Saville, from Buffalo Creek,
In terms of teaching always doth speak.
To others she is always kind,
Was never known the weather to mind;
No matter what harm others may tell,
She always says, "They meant well."
But when folks desire a quiet talk,
For exercise she must always walk.



MARY ALLEN SHAW
BRACEY, VIRGINIA
President of A.-B. C., Fall Term.



"Why So Pensive?"

A perplexed look is on her face,
Whene'er she has a test;
For she thinks 'twould be a great disgrace
If her marks were not the best.



AGNES RUTH SHEPARD
GUINEA MILLS, VIRGINIA

I.O.; Night Hawk Club; Winter Historian Senior Class; Assistant Picture Editor CLASS BOOK; Cotillion Club; Censor Pierian Literary Society, 1909; Vice-President Pierian Literary Society, 1910; Reporter Pierian Literary Society, 1911; Vice-President Class, 1907; Vice-President Class, 1908; Secretary Class, 1909; Vice-President Class, 1910; Vice-President Senior Class.



"A Frank Girl"

Ah, me! ah, me! 'twas sighed, forsooth,
What shall we say of our dear Ruth?
'Tis honest, she differs from all the rest,
But all of us love her we do confess.
She's neat, she's pretty, she's wise in her way,
In our minds she'll stay for many a day.



MABEL SHEWEY
ROCKBRIDGE BATHS, VIRGINIA



"Shewey Tack"

There is a brunette called Mabel,
Her nickname is really a label;
"But what," she would say,
"In a name, is there, pray?"
And her logic was really quite able.



ADA BUNKLEY SMITH
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Pierian Literary Society.



"She's Mad"

Next comes Ada, the girl with good looks,
Who studies hard—but not her books.
She wants all the jewels she sees in the land,
But especially the "Garnett" she takes in hand.

MABEL MUIR SMITH
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Argus Literary Society; Diamatic Club.



"Spooning"

Mabel hath a merry note,
She singeth like a "Wren";
But when she isn't happy
"Gret Tears" are flowing then.
We love her for her winsomeness.
In which so few compare,
Our laughing, crying Mabel dear,
Our April lady fair.



MARTHA FRANCES SMITH
PORT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA



"Conscious"

I wonder why she's liked by all?
This body so demure and small,
Hazel eyes and chestnut hair,
A face that is wondrous fair,
And virtues too numerous for me to tell,
Make up this girl we like so well.

LUCY CABELL STEPTOE
BOONSBORO, VIRGINIA

Argus Literary Society.



"Quietude Reigns"

In Lucy's head there is a store
Of knowledge most profound;
Arithmetic we find galore,
And dates just chase around.

Three years only has she spent
Within the walls of our "convent,"
And never in this time have we
Known her in a hurry to be.



SARAH VIRGINIA STUART
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Pierian Literary Society; French Club.

Faithful in things that are least,
Ever gentle, loving and true;
Faithful in things that are best,
All honor, Sarah, to you!
May happiness ever attend,
May the gentle, the loving and true,
Bright homelight, and lovelight, and friend,
Go on life's long journey with you.



"Tedd"

ROSA MINNIE SUTHERLAND
MILLER SCHOOL, VIRGINIA

Glee Club, 1909-10.



"In Clover"



Minnie S's most decided art
Is one whose gentle sway,
Her every friend, though unaware,
Has felt, I dare to say.



DAISY SWETNAM
FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA

Corresponding Secretary of Pierian
Literary Society, 1911.



"Oh, Peaches!"

I'll just hurry along,
For I know it won't do,
The quicker I'm done
The sooner I'm through—
That must be our Daisy
Who comes into sight,
But she'll never worry,
For fear she's not right.

ANNE PARKER THOM
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Kappa Delta Sorority; Cotillion Club;
F? A* N—G! S!!?; Beau; Episcopal
Representative in the Y. W. C. A.



"Questioning"



And here is our dear Annie P.,
Who gives us good advice;
If her ideals reached could be
We'd be quite perfect—but, oh, me!
She is afraid of mice.



LOTTIE LEE THORPE
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

K A Γ; Assistant Director of Gymnastics; Argus Literary Society; Cotillion Club; Skating Club; Skimmers' Tennis Club; Red Basket-Ball Team, 1909-11; Varsity Basket-Ball Team, 1910-11; Secretary and Treasurer of German Language Club, 1908-09; A*S*G*L.

Attractive is a word that applies to her and fits,
She wins friends by her looks, and she holds
them by her wits;
But her heart is hard to storm, 'tis hard to
get within,
For 'tis very safely fastened with a death-
head Phi Chi pin.



"Who Said Katie?"



VERA TIGNOR
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA



"Disgusted"

She longs to be eccentric,
Her soul's only dream
Is to hear some one say,
"Oh, how different you seem!"



MYRTLE TOWNES
DRAKES BRANCH, VIRGINIA

Vice-President of Class, 1908-09; Recording Secretary of Argus Literary Society, 1909; Glee Club; French Club; News Editor of *The Guidon*, 1909-10; Recording Secretary of Argus Literary Society, 1910; News Editor of *The Focus*, 1911; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference, Asheville, 1910; Member of Student Government Committee, 1910-11; Business Manager of CLASS Book, 1911; Valedictorian of Class.



"Gret Tears"

Busy, busy little body,
Working all the day;
She works from morn till eventide,
And yet she's always gay;
For her efforts are for others,
And she brings us all good cheer.
May our wishes good be with her,
For this and many a year.

CHARLOTTE LOUISE TROUGHTON
REMINGTON, VIRGINIA

Corresponding Secretary Ruffner Debating Society, 1911.



"Typical Schoolma'am"



"Tis making others do her will—
Resistance is unknown,
For when she looks with midnight eye,
We've no will of our own.



PATTIE PRINCE TURNBULL
LAWRENCEVILLE, VIRGINIA

Σ Σ Σ; Night Hawk; Vice-President of Athenian Literary Society, 1910-11; President, 1911.



"To ——?"

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain.

LILLIAN CLARE WALL
GRAHAM, VIRGINIA

Reporter Cunningham Literary Society, 1910; Student Government Committee; Picture Editor of CLASS BOOK.



"Look Here, Woman"



From the old Southwest she came,
This little lassie of Cunningham fame.
She brought with her cheer and kindly looks,
A love for fun and a love for books.



NANNIE GAMMON WATKINS
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

Recording Secretary Ruffner Debating Society, 1910; President Ruffner Debating Society, 1911; Treasurer Ruffner Debating Society, 1911; Dramatic Club; A. F. S.

This maiden made the grandest little teacher,
Though so young!
Her praises by Miss Forman
Oft were sung.
At acting she's quite clever,
In debating loses never,
This winsome little maid about whom
many hearts are wrung!



"First Game"

PENELOPE B. WHITE
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Corresponding Secretary Athenian Literary Society, 1910; President Athenian Literary Society, 1910; Recording Secretary Athenian Literary Society, 1911; Delegate to Asheville Conference, 1910; Treasurer of Class, 1910-11; Spring Historian; Member of Student Government Committee, 1910-11.



"She Has Lost a Pearl"

Penelope White is sweet and charming,
The way people love her is quite alarming;
'Tis the Training School children's chief
delight

To gather around this maiden bright.
But Penelope, sad to relate,
With jewels has cast her entire fate;
First a Ruby was nearest her heart,
Now a Pearl makes her quiver and start.



ALICE WHITNEY
NEWFORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society.



"Here is an Example"

She's just a little teasing maid,
And full of fun is she;
This look of awful dignity
Is just pretense you see.

IVA WILKERSON
CHUCKATUCK, VIRGINIA

Pierian Literary Society.



"Sad, but True"



Now Iva we present to you,
With voice so soft and low;
Her glances and coquettish looks
Got her a Farmville beau.



EMMA ELSIE WILSON
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Censor of Argus Literary Society, 1911.



"Don't You Know?"

Now here is one whose tripping tongue
You'll often find surprising;
For Elsie has a love of fun,
Which hastily prompts a joke and pun,
Which never need revising.

NANNIE C. WIMBISH
CLUSTER SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Σ Σ Σ; Glee Club; President Argus
Literary Society, 1910; Critic Argus Literary
Society, 1911; Business Manager *The*
Focus, 1911; F? A* N—G! S!!?



"Nancy"



To know her is to love her;
And you must know her, too,
To prove her sterling character,
Her friendship strong and true.



GERMANIA WINGO
309 FOURTH STREET
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vice-President Ruffner Debating Society.



"Dreaming"

We know a little girl,
With laughing, bright blue eyes;
Whoever wins this maiden's hand
Will surely gain a prize;
Our words come not promiscuously,
We speak of what we know—
Whatever task to her is given,
Be sure 'twill be done "just so."

EFFIE BELLE WRENN
SUSSEX, VIRGINIA

Athenian Literary Society.



"Where's Mabel?"



Effie Wrenn, did you say?
Oh, yes, we know; she's half sister to May.
Always together these maidens are found,
But with friends for them both the Normal
abounds;
A leader of others, a leader of men,
A girl in a thousand is our Effie Wrenn.



NORNA BRENDA WRIGHT
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

B. C. Club.



"Adored by a Prince"

Then there's Brenda Wright, she, dear heart,
Has proved to us her skill,
Is making friends of every one,
No one could wish her ill.

You may think all this is nonsense,
And criticize the rhyme.
If we always lived on common sense,
We'd have a dismal time.



VALEDICTORIAN
MYRTLE TOWNS



SALUTATORIAN
LOUISE FORD

Last Will and Testament



E, the Senior Class of 1911, of the State Normal School of Farmville, Virginia, being of a very generous nature and desirous of bestowing upon others all those things which we, ourselves, do not need, or want, do hereby set forth a true copy of this our Last Will and Testament.

I. To Dr. Jarman, we leave one Board of Inspectors, said Board to consist of twelve efficient persons whose sole duty will be that of having the girls wear clothes of proper thickness, as well as high-top shoes, from *early* fall until *late* spring.

II. To Dr. Millidge, as our honorary member, *real* devotion from the Senior Class of 1911.

III. To Mr. Grainger, an extra hour each day in which to rest from his untiring and unceasing efforts to assist the girls in the literary work of *The Focus*, also a handsomely bound volume of "Ballads" written exclusively by S. N. S. students.

IV. To Mr. Maddox, one set of students capable of taking in what he tells them in *Philosophy of Education*; also a "Toss the Ring" game.

V. To Dr. Stone, we bequeath a sufficient amount of money to cover all the expenses of putting before the public his latest book entitled, "Hints to Teachers in Regard to Assignments." Chapter I will inform you on "Sketching," Chapter II on "Reading," Chapter III on "Studying."

VI. To Mr. Mattoon, we leave *absolutely* nothing, for what does he need?

VII. To Mr. Lear, the serious undertaking of educating the people up to the popular election of President; also that small, gray hat he lost last year.

VIII. To Miss Biddle, other precious stones that will be of as much service to her as her "Garnett."

IX. To Miss Coulling, a pair of field-glasses to be used during chapel exercises.

X. To Miss Rice, three extra periods a week added to her schedule, said extra time for her to give discourses on the "Civil War," as well as on "Robert E. Lee."

XI. To Miss Smithey, several assistants to aid her in keeping students quiet as they pass to and from Classrooms *I*, *L*, and *O*.

XII. To Miss Andrews, one huge sign, "Put your foot on the soft pedal," said sign to be hung directly over the auditorium piano.

XIII. To Miss Lewis, a class of girls who will not have to waste time by "thinking" on a test.

XIV. To Miss London, a room heated by hot air, hot water, and steam heating systems—a warmer Room *L* must be obtained at any cost.

XV. To Miss Perkins, a longer baton, so that she can punch each and every girl to make her sound the very first word in each of the hymns sung in the devotional exercises.

XVI. To Miss Overall, one something that *she* would consider new in the land of learning.

XVII. To Miss Smith, a set of actors and actresses that will rival the Coburn players.

XVIII. To Miss Murrell, a printed notice to be read aloud in chapel, notifying those in her classes of the uselessness of ever raising their hands when desirous of answering a question.

XX. To Miss Sutherlin, an airship full of "airs."

XXI. To Miss Hiner, an automatic pusher to get her to chapel on time.

XXII. To Miss Crawley, a pamphlet, "How to Refrain from Blushing;" also one teacher's desk—immovable.

XXIII. To Miss Closson, many persons to realize how "good-hearted" she is.

XXIV. To Miss Bugg, a classroom far removed from that "gym" piano.

XXV. To Miss Jarratt, a private reception-room next door to Room A.

XXVI. To Miss Woodruff, somebody to station at the entrance to the Training School to say, "Lower class girls must not pass through this hall."

XXVII. To Miss Peck, an automatic ventilator.

XXVIII. To Miss Forman, student teachers that will be capable of making the pupils "feel the situation."

XXIX. To Miss Tillman, a bevy of fair nymphs and goddesses who know all about how to "trip the light fantastic toe," said bevy to compose her game class.

XXX. To Miss Pierce, an assistant on the play-ground.

XXXI. To Miss Rohr, some specific method of "primping" rapidly, thereby preventing tardiness; we also leave her a *large* box of marshmallows.

XXXII. To Miss Falls, one person interested in "Industrial Work"; also a "Stone" model.

XXXIII. To Miss Haliburton, a fine school of her *own*.

XXXIV. To Miss Blandy, many chances to be with Miss Wheelock.

XXXV. To Miss Beale, a new book of songs for the Kindergarten.

XXXVI. To Miss Stone, ample time for teachers' meetings.

XXXVII. To Mr. Cox, Normal School girls who know how to write checks.

XXXVIII. To Dr. Field, all the school-girls' evening dresses, as they have no further need of them.

XXXIX. To Misses Dugger and Taliaferro, a quiet library and reading-room.

XL. To the faculty and home-department, as a whole, another Senior Class that will give them as little trouble as this one; also Vera Tignor.

XLI. To the Literary Societies a twentieth-century Shakespeare, as the original one is completely worn out.

XLII. To Miss Tabb, we leave the Senior CLASS BOOK of 1911.

XLIII. Lastly, to the Normal League, our collection of rare coins.

We set hereunto our hands and seals this the fifth day of June, 1911.

LUCILE COLE, *Executrix.*



Class Prophecy



N the dank and marshy woodland
Where the sunlight never enters,
Where the wolf is lean and hungry,
Where the serpent crawls unheeded;
There beside the slimy waters
Of the chill and darksome River,
Dwells the Witch of Tears and Heart-aches.
In her loathsome hut of ashes.
There she brews her deadly poisons
For her unsuspecting victims
There she reads the pasts and futures
Of those eager, questioning people
Who desire to learn the secret
Of the mystic, vague hereafter.
It was in this land of horrors,
While concocting vile enchantments,
That from out her bubbling witch-broth
She beheld a sight unusual,
For before her, strangely vivid,
Stood revealed the fates and fortunes
Of the girls in Farmville Normal,
Senior Class of 1911.
First revealed was Florence Everett,
Shining as a Math Professor,
Worshiped by adoring students
In some well-known Woman's College.
Then along came Vera Tignor,
Dignified (?) and self-important,
Getting now large heaping doses
Of the Home Department's glory,
For she reigns as leading matron
In a lunatic asylum.
Now we see Miss Margaret Hargroves,
Sweetly keeping house for—Mother (?)—
No, we cannot tell a story,
Mother is at home with sister.
Next Miss Anderson, our Mary,



Revelling in comforts? Never!
Yet content—supremely happy,
Working in a candy factory.
Here comes Marie Mapp, the charmer
Of the ocean's navigators—
Naval hops and balls attending,
Always happy, ever smiling.
Here is Lillian Byrd, The Clever,
Anna Howerton escorting;
They have lectures been delivering
On the growth of organisms.
Lillian Wall, serene, unruffled,
Passes with a huge diploma
From some well-known school for artists,
Where she finished with distinction.
Louise Fergusson o'ertakes her,—
Now the fond and proud possessor
Of a brand-new pennant factory,
Which supplies the Normal students.
Effie Wrenn, through flesh reducers,
Shall become a famous person,
Sharing with the Beauty Doctor,
Mabel Smith her charming parlors,
Where their patrons come by hundreds,
Seeking to be made more lovely.
Gertrude Roberts spends her moments
Having numerous pictures taken,
First one pose and then another
Strikes her oft capricious fancy.
Sarah Stuart—world's eighth wonder,—
Starts a crusade quite amazing,
Wages war against the women
Who are wearing rats and switches.
Now Miss Langslow passes by us,
Leader of the World's Convention,
Sought by famous educators,
For her views on many subjects.
Louise Davis (happy spinster)
And Miss Lucy Phelps—are giving
Their young lives to endless teaching
"Bachelor maids" their appellation.
Irma Phillips, sweetly thoughtful,
With a meditative aspect,
As a poetess now greets us,
Doing honor to her Southland.
Next is little Lucile Cousins,
Now become a missionary;
To the Japanese appearing
In the light of some good angel.
Bert Carl Myers, whose ambition
Was to write such fetching novels,
In a home her own, is surely
All desires now gratifying.

"Rattie" Ford, may Heaven bless her!
By her loving thoughts for others,
Gains what many seek so vainly,—
Happiness and sweet contentment.
Here we see a number passing,
"Tis a troupe of famous actors;
Nell Fitzpatrick—Louise Eubank,
Carrie Hunter and Pearl Berger
Have the leading rôles in several
Of the world's most famous dramas;
Universal praise they're winning
In America and Europe.
Here comes Archie Blain, all glowing
With the pride of great achievement:
She has now become the champion
Of the world's great tennis players.
Ada Smith, e'er long possessor
Of some rare and priceless jewels,
Will devote her time to gazing
At her favorite, a garnet.
Janie Gaines, coquettish maiden,
Spends her life in gay flirtations,
Like a butterfly she flitteth,
But she'll never, never marry.
On some Board of Education
Emily Johnson is a member;
Teaching is by far too humble
For her lofty, high ambitions.
Daisy Swetnam—sad the telling—
Must wear wigs from now till doomsday;
She has lost her own blond tresses
Just by dying them to auburn.
Zozo Dixon will surprise us
By her short and thrilling stories;
She will also write a novel
Called "The Love Affairs of Gwennie."
Now we see some tourists passing,
Some to lands across the water;
Others, first the gorgeous beauties
Of their homeland now are seeking.
One, Pearl Bowyer, goes to Europe,
Elsie Landrum stops in Scotland;
Carrie Rennie tries our Northland
And the beauties of the Rockies.
Lottie Thorpe will teach gymnastics
To a school of country children,
Giving *trunk rotation sideways*,
And those awful heaving movements.
When the women in this country
Have secured their rights to suffrage,
Then will Miss Virginia Johnson
Represent her state in Congress.
Mary Kipps will spend her lifetime
Helping little factory children;

She will teach them that it's wicked
To behave like "little heathen."
Here comes Addie Boomer, bravely
Trying to make a mighty fortune,
Walking through the Gobi Desert
For the "Suffolk Daily Herald."
Martha Smith will soon establish
Homes for poor, disabled kittens.
They will dine on cream and chicken.
How I wish I were a feline!
Alice Whitney, great collector,
Will some day achieve distinction
As a connoisseur in pictures,
Curios and antique brasses.
Susie Robinson now passes,
First-class vaudeville will claim her,
And the critics say she'll surely
Reach the Peake of her ambition.
Here we see two other classmates
Now becoming missionaries,
Trying to teach the distant heathen
How to change their ways of living.
"Mary Fitz" is going to travel
O'er the seas to distant China;
While in frigid, far Alaska,
Helen Massie seeks her mission.
Sociology has gathered
To its fold our Myrtle Martin.
She is teaching all its phases
To the girls at Roanoke College.
Bessie Gordon Jones is working
In the slums of old St. Louis,
Teaching all the poor and needy
How to better their condition.
Lucy Steptoe is enamored
Of the charms of her profession;
As a nurse she now is curing
All the halt, the sick, the blind ones.
Mabel Shewey gains attention
From the brightest to the lowest.
Every one who reads the papers
Finds her cartoons so amusing.
Effie Milligan is working
In behalf of fellow teachers,
Striving to secure for each
The ideal class of just one pupil.
Now a deaconess is passing,
Helping all the sick and needy,
As she goes about her duties
We can recognize Pearl Parsley.
Next is seen a great convention,
Where the teachers all are gathered,
Eagerly exchanging comments
On each phase of education.

Rosa Hatch, the sewing teacher,
With Miss Wilkerson is chatting,
When Miss White, who teaches music,
Adds another to the circle.
They grow silent for a moment,
When Miss Peck stands up before them
To expound upon the values
Of the manual arts for children.
Next is heard Miss Lena Gilliam,
Ph. D. of Mathematics,
Followed by our friend, Miss Saville,
Who declares that teacher's wages
Are not what by rights they should be,—
Really not enough to live on!
How domestic science helps us
Lillian Cook, by demonstration,
Makes so plain that every teacher
Straightway thinks that she must learn it.
Miss McDonald, in excitement,
Enters, with a lengthly treatise
Which reveals the charms of Latin,
Manifold, and quite seductive.
Willie Diehl begins to argue
With a nearby fellow teacher,
When the chairman raps for order,
And Miss Townes ascends the platform,
To relate her aspirations
As a High School Physics teacher.
She retires, and all are greeted
By a fourth grade supervisor,
As Miss Nannie Watkins gaily
Makes her bow to all before her.
She unfolds the many projects
Now advanced by educators,
For the training schools and teachers
Who are practicing within them.
Although this is very pleasant,
Each one feels a hungry gnawing,
So a motion for adjournment
Now disbands this great convention.
Here another scene discloses
Florence Jayne, the prima donna,
Who has reached the point where "Dixie"
Does not sound like "Yankee Doodle."
She can warble like a swallow—
Yet she has a bitter rival—
Who, in Mary Hatch, now threatens
To eclipse her own great talents.
Nannie Wimbish goes to college
For a course in Mathematics,
Finishing with highest honors,
Making Mr. Wells look foolish.
Comedy for Elsie Wilson
When she started her career,

But ere long her inclination
To French Opera did lead her.
Charlotte Troughton earns her living
As a guide for Cook, in Europe;
Not a single point of interest
E'er escapes her long descriptions.
"Little Dabney" spends her lifetime
Writing mother-plays and so forth,
For the kindergarten children,
Who engross her whole attention.
Nita Evans finds her calling
In philanthropy, and therefore
All her efforts are directed
To advancing poor conditions.
Pattie Epes gives touching readings
From those plaintive, tragic poems,
Causing eyes to fill, while giving,
"Why is Dat, Oh, Little Kitten?"
Katie Gray resolved to marry,
She is Matrimony's victim,
So she weds a pious curate
And begins domestic duties.
One Miss Haskins does a service
To the world, for she's compiling
Splendid texts on "Nature Study,"
For the third and fourth grade pupils.
Lennie Ross becomes a lawyer
Of renown and great distinction—
With such ease she wins her cases,
She is quite besieged with clients.
Anna Briggs, while at the "Annex,"
So enjoyed the children's garden,
That, when choosing a profession,
She selected horticulture.
Lucy Leake fulfills ambitions
To become a concert singer,
So she dazzles all the nations,
Singing songs in every language.
Rippling tones will glide forever
From Pearl Justice's nimble fingers;
When she touches the piano
Melody will quickly follow.
Here some children come; delighted
At the Sunday comic paper,
And the credit for its humor
All belongs to Sallie Drinkard.
Mabel Peterson will figure
As a private secretary
To the Wall Street financiers,
Who require a good accountant.
Next there comes a lovely maiden,
Like the princess in the story,
Who is strangely like Ruth Shepard,
With her dainty airs and graces;

As she lingers for a moment,
Up there comes a prince on horseback,
Who, with gentle words of wooing,
Soon persuades his Ruth to wed him.
Miss Claire Gilliam, friend of children,
Founds a lovely home for orphans,
Which Miss Hope keeps sanitary
By her patent germ destroyer.
Carrie Anderson is giving
Time and service to her loved ones,
Selfish thoughts ne'er entertaining,
For her life is lived for others.
Margaret Brown is gaining custom—
Raising bees and selling honey;
She will make a goodly fortune
If her wares remain so pleasing.
With a lengthy train of lovers
Lula Driver slowly passes,
But she hardly seems to see them,
For dear Lula's heart is Weary.
As Miss Watkins' dear companion,
Pattie Prince the scene discloses;
Over Europe they will travel,
And a lark they'll have together.
Etta Morrison was surely
For a soldier's wife intended,
But the poor man met a bullet
In the Spanish war for Cuba.
Nellie Maupin to a convent
Has retired, for disappointment
O'er the Woman's Suffrage issue
Has disgusted her with living.
Next is seen a striking lassie,
Whom we know as Kathleen Baldwin;
Basket-ball was e'er her hobby,
So she's coaching college players.
Freedom on the Western prairies,
Life upon a ranch in Texas,
Is the lot the Fates are saving
For our friend, Miss L. McGehee.
Here there comes a wary maiden,
Eyes o'erbrimming with suspicion,
For Miss Saunders' friends have gulled her
Till all faith in man has vanished.
Mary Shaw is doing business,
Gaining hundreds of subscribers
For the *Woman's Home Companion*—
Making thus a high commission.
Lucile Cole is giving lectures
For the Woman's Temperance Union,
And her powers are so brilliant,
She eclipses Carrie Nation.
Fannie Charlton makes a study
Of the flora and the fauna

In the wild and unknown region
Of that distant land—the Congo.
Christian Science claims Miss Goggin,
And her faith is quite unbounded,
For when once her arm was broken,
She declared it felt delightful.
Our Miss Dickenson will figure
As the country's leading critic;
Her opinions will be valued
Quite as much as Mr. Mabie's.
Now the great Salvation Army
Has an ardent, tireless worker
While Sue Cook remains among them
With her young enthusiasm.
It would seem Selina Hindle
For domestic life was suited,
But instead she's organizing
Clubs to learn tomato canning.
Aeronautic expeditions
Seemed to interest Violet Marshall,
And the world was quite astounded
At the bi-plane she invented.
Next is seen Germania Wingo
Working for the Farmville *Herald*.
She is really quite important,
For she is its chief reporter.
Now behold Anne Thom, the founder
Of a well-known seminary
Where the most select young ladies
Go to get that extra "finish."
In this all-surprising era
When the women strike for suffrage,
Brenda Wright will take the orders
And begin her splendid sermons.
Archæology delighted
Laura Hornes, and all its wonders
Seemed to her so fascinating,
She at once began its study.
Ashton Hatcher is the leader
Of a fight for civic beauty;
She is striving hard and bravely
To improve her well-loved city.
Quite a different picture greets us
When Dell Carter gaily passes;
All her time she spends in calling,
Dressing, dancing, looking pretty.

.

Here the passing figures vanish
And the curling smoke grows thinner
As the north wind lifts it higher,
Carries it above the tree tops.
And the witch, in wonder, mutters,
"It is over! What dread power
Could have sent so strange a vision

To my pot of bubbling witch-broth!
I have never sought to question
What the dread and mystic Future
Would assign for fates and fortunes
To the Class of 1911."

Then she turns to stir her poison,
But retreats in sudden horror,
For, from out the foaming liquid,
Yet another shade arises!

And behold! there stands Miss Gassman,
Holding many pounds of letters
Just received from Normal students,
Each applying for a husband.

For our Eloise, dear creature,
Has just recently established
Quite a matrimonial bureau
For her classmates who are spinsters.

Yet, 'tis true she never bargained
To supply so many husbands,
And her task, so vast, so endless,
Nearly gave her apoplexy.

But, at last, by many efforts,
She beholds her goal before her,
And arrives, late, but triumphant,
Just in time to make a climax.

LALLA RIDLEY JONES.





Songs and Yells

TO TUNE OF "AULD LANG SYNE"

In Farmville town there lives a man
The Seniors dearly love;
He's witty, wise, original,
And others stands above.

CHORUS

Dear Senior Man, we do confess,
That we are proud of you;
Are proud of what you mean to us,
The Seniors, stanch and true.

He shows us how to do our sums,
And make our sand maps, too;
In fact there's nothing we have found
Our Senior can not do.

And when we leave these dear old halls,
When Seniors have to part,
Your memory dear will e'er be held
In every Senior's heart.

Highty! Kighty! Who's all righty?
Seniors all yell for him,
Zip! Zam! Bim! Bam!
F. A. M-i-l-l-i-d-g-e.

TO TUNE OF "CASEY JONES"

Come, all you Seniors, if you want to hear
The story about a lady dear;
Jennie Tabb is the lady's name,
At S. N. S. she won her fame.

CHORUS

Jennie Tabb, picture in the CLASS BOOK;
Jennie Tabb, "Black Beauty" in her hand;
Seniors found they couldn't do without her,
So they have brought her to the Seniorland.

She'll write you rhymes and she'll write you notes;
She wins your love and wins your votes,
And as for the CLASS BOOK, she is its choice,
The Seniors will praise her with one voice.

TO TUNE OF "NAUTICAL KNOT"

Life is full of ups and downs, we must go to school;
Work and strive the live-long day, bow to every rule;
Civics we must learn by heart and philosophy too,
Everything in the world that's hard Seniors have to do.

Through the Training School we go—'tis, alas! our fate;
Who'd have thought it such hard work just to graduate?

Training School is full of woe, lesson plans to make;
Outlines face you by the score, pleasures all they take;
Criticism books we find filled from page to page,
Tantalizing, pesky things, to make poor Seniors age.

Boom chick boom! Boom chick boom!
Boom jig-a, riga-jiga! Rig-a jig-a Boom!
Hiko! Hoorah! Who are the best?
Seniors '11—S. N. S.



Wants and Advertisements

WANTED—By Dr. Stone—another way to express it.

WANTED—By Mr. Lear—some valuable statistics on the divorce question.

LOST—Somewhere between the dormitories and Room L, a large amount of reasoning powers. The finder will please return to the Junior B Arithmetic Class.

WANTED—By Mr. Maddox—a blush preventive.

LOST—A Washington and Lee sweater. The finder will please return the same to Miss Coulling, as she needs it badly.

WANTED—By Miss Overall—another man.

WANTED—By Miss Falls—a hobby other than Industrial Work, with which to terrify her pupil teachers.

LOST—A beautiful Gray case. The finder will please return to Bessie Cooper.

WANTED—By Mr. Mattoon—someone to appreciate his wit.

WANTED—By Miss Dugger—a physician in constant attendance.

WANTED—By Vera Tignor—another member of the faculty to rush.

WANTED—By Miss Tillman—a third grade as passive as Moses.

WANTED—By Aunt Lou—a few more gentleman callers to tip her.

FOUND—One other person as literal as Roberta Saunders.

WANTED—By Elsie Wilson—a few more select slang expressions.

WANTED—By Mrs. Harris—an automatic pin puller.

WANTED—By Etta Morrison—more time for loafing.

WANTED—By Miss Clossen and Miss Lewis—gas!

NOTICE—Mr. Maddox will not meet his lasses to-day.

(Signed) M. E. P.

E-A-S- G-S-A---"How can you tell that this is the Sixty-first Congress?"

MR. LEAR—"Subtract 1789 from the present date, divide by two and add one."

E-A-S- G-S-A---"Why do you add one?"

MR. LEAR—"To get the answer."

DR. J-R-A---"What recent discovery has greatly decreased the death rate from diphtheria?"

I-E-E B-I-G---"Tetanus."

INFORMATION NEEDED

A-N- T-o- (speaking to one of her friends)—"Please tell me the difference between 'who' and 'whom.' I can get used to saying, 'That is he,' but I'll never get used to saying, 'Whom is that?'"

SENIOR—"Do you know where Miss Coulling is?"

MR. L-A-—"She is in H."

MISS S-I-H—"What was Tennyson thinking of when he wrote, 'Crossing the Bar'?"

M-R-Y E-G-E-T-N—"He was thinking about going fishing."

A SCALEY STORY

A Major loved a maiden so,	Do.
His warlike heart was soft as	
He would often kneel to her and say:	
"Thou art my life and only	RAY.
Oh, if but kinder thou wouldst be,	
And sometimes sweetly smile on	ME.
Thou art my earth, my guiding star;	
I love thee near, I love thee	FA.
My passion I can not control—	
Thou art the idol of my	SOL."
The maid suggests his asking pa.	
The Major cries, "What, I? Oh,	LA!"
The Major rose from bended knee,	
And went her father for to	SI.
The father thought no match was finer—	
The Major once had been a	MINOR.
They married soon and after that	
Dwelt in the rooms all in one	FLAT.
So happy ends this little tale,	
For they lived on the grandest	SCALE.

A SENIOR'S ADVICE TO NEW GIRLS

Always wear middy blouses to Miss Andrews' classes.

Don't walk on the walks when crossing the campus. It is injurious to your shoes. Walk on the grass. Dr. Jarman approves.

Never rise until the breakfast bell rings.

Never sweep your room more than once a week. It is detrimental to your health to stir up the dust.

Walk up the street with any young man you like. Miss Mary likes to have you enjoy your friends.

Do not subscribe to *The Focus*. It is cheaper to be a sponge and use your roommate's.

Never buy when you can borrow.

Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow. We have found this the best policy.

Always use corporal punishment in the Training School. It is the only effective punishment.

Don't sleep in your own room every night. Your friends like to have visitors.

Don't hurry to chapel. Haste makes waste.

Don't ask permission to visit your friends in the infirmary, just go in. Dr. Field likes for them to have as many visitors as possible.

Meet all the trains. Miss Mary doesn't object.

Wave your hand frantically when you don't know your lessons. It is a good way to avoid questions. But the best way is to put it up just after some one else has been called upon.

If studying ever interferes with more important things, cut it out.

Skip "gym" whenever you can, for the more you skip the higher your grade will be.

See how many notes you can get during the year. They are so important that the faculty awards a prize to the one who receives the greatest number.

Always bring your laundry down the front steps, as it is the nearest way to the laundry.

Always sweep the trash out in the halls. The servants will take it up.

Make candy in your rooms whenever you please. There is absolutely no danger of fire.

Save all your back work until your teaching term, as work is light and Dr. Stone prefers it.

Don't bother about being quiet in the library. The noise does not disturb any one.

L'ENVOI

[With apologies to Mr. Kipling]

When the last lesson plan is written and
our pens are wiped and dried,
When the teaching Seniors have finished
and the last day of May has died ;
We shall rest — and faith we shall need
it — sit down for a month or two,
Till the county superintendents shall put
us to work anew.

All the clever shall be happy, they shall
find a teacher's place,
They shall guide a whole class of child-
ren, with pleasant and smiling face ;
They shall find real books to teach from,
Carpenter, Johnson and Hall,
They shall have ten-minute periods and
never grow tired at all.

And no supervisor shall praise us, and
no supervisor shall blame,
And we all shall work for money, and no
one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of teaching and
each in her separate grade
Shall teach the thing as she pleases for
the salary she is paid.

EFFIE B. MILLIGAN



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